

She sways singing karma
prayers with a Brooklyn accent
(I swear to God)
explains, defines, breasts bobbing
"sorry I waked you,"
black hair down her back
down her belly

and all the way
to Lyon
we are two parts of the one
Yin & Yang be
-coming God.

Afternoon at Abisko for 3 Americans

It was like jumping
off into unknown
lakes like Ujiji
w/ the whitewashed Lapp
store (no Americans had
been there before)
shelves of reindeer hides
bone spoons

those sisters
we'd slept together on the
train (on the floor)
I took them through the
rain to where the lakes lay
open
endless
only the Lapp paths & railroad tracks
between us and the end
of Europe.
&
They went on to the North
Cape.
I took the next train back to
Stockholm.

Marcuse and the Economic Virgins

Reading Marx
I see the bowed rivers
and sleeping fjords
of North Finland:
the Kalevala
and Professor Black Book
who took his daughters to America.